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THE CAXTON CLUB SCRAP-BOOK

THE kyndly entente of every gentylman
Is the furtheraunce of all gentylnesse,
And to procure in all that ever he can
For to renewe all noble worthynesse;
This dayly is sene at our eye expresse
Of noble men that do endyte and rede
In bokes olde, theyr worythy myndes to fede.

— CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

THE CAXTON CLUB SCRAP-BOOK

EARLY ENGLISH VERSES

1250–1650

CHOSEN AND COLLOCATED
BY

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

CHICAGO
THE CAXTON CLUB
MCMIIII

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THE CAXTON CLUB
SCRAP-BOOK

1

A GOOD WOMAN

NO thyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys love in gode manère.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There her love right and stedfast ys.
There ys no solas under hevene
Of alle that a man may nevene
That shulde a man so moche glew
As a gode womman that loveth true.
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

THE GODDESSE IN THE GARDYN

THAN gan I studye in my-self and seyne,
"A! suete, ar ye a warldly creature,
Or hevinly thing in likenesse of nature?

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse,
And cummyn are to louse me out of band?
Or ar ye verray nature the goddesse,
That haue depaynted with your hevinly hand
This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reuerence
Sall I minister to your excellence?"

(*Her array*)

Off hir array the form gif I sall write,
Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre
In fret-wise couchit was with perllis quhite
And gretë balas lemyng as the fyre,
With mony ane emeraut and faire saphire;
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Off plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe;

Full of quaking spangis bryght as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,
So new, so fresch, so plesant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure-Ionettis,
And othir of schap like to the [round
crokettis],
And, aboue all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

3

BLOW NORTHERN WIND

I CHOT a burde in boure bryht,
That fully semly is on syht,
Menskful maiden of myht
Feir ant fre to fonde;
In al this wurhliche won
A burde of blod ant of bon;
Never yete y nuste non
Lussomore in londe.
Blow northern wynd!
Send thou me my suetyng!
Blow, northern wynd! blou, blou, blou!

With lokkes lefliche ant longe,
With frount ant face feir to fonge,
With murthes monie mote heo monge,
That brid so breme in boure

With lossom eye grete ant gode,
With browen blysfol underhode,
He that reste him on the rode,
That leflych lyf honoure.
Blou, northern wynd, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht
Ase a launterne a nyht,
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht,
So feyr heo is ant fyn.
A suetly suyre heo hath to holde,
With armes shuldre ase mon wolde,
Ant fyngres feyre forte folde,
God wolde hue were myn!
Blou northern wynd, etc.

Heo is coral of godnesse,
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
Heo is cristal of clairnesse,
Ant baner of bealtè.
Heo is lilie of largesse,
Heo is parvenke of prouesse
Heo is solseele of suetnesse
Ant lady of lealtè.

For hire love y carke ant care,
For hire love y droupne ant dare,
For hire love my blisse is bare
Ant al ich waxe won,

For hire love in slep yslake,
For hire love al nyht ich wake,
For hire love mournyng y make
More then eny mon.
Blou northern wynd!
Send thou me my suetyng!
Blou, northern wynd, blou, blou, blou!

4

MIRRY MARGARET

MIRRY Margaret,
As mydsomer flowre;
Gentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre:
With solace and gladness,
Moche mirthe and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly,
Her demenyng
In everythynge
Far, far passyng
That I can endyght,
Or suffyce to wryghte,
Of mirry Margarete,
As mydsomer flowre,
Gentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre,

As pacient and as styll,
And as full of good-wyll
As faire Isaphill;
Colyaunder,
Swete pomaunder,
Goode Cassaunder;
Stedfast of thought,
Wele made, wele wrought;
Far may be sought,
Erst that ye can fynde
So corteise, so kynde,
As mirry Margaret,
This mydsomer floure,
Gentyll as faucoun
Or hawke of the towre.

5

ELISA

SEE where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches which they do
beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce
even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven.
She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple
Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops-in-wine
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and lovèd Lillies:

The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse up, Elisa, deckèd as thou art
In royall aray;
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And if you come hether
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

6

A PRAISE OF HIS LADYE

GEUE place you Ladies and begon.
Boast not your selues at all:
For here at hande approcheth one
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes,
Excels the precious stone:
I wishe to haue none other bokes
To read or loke vpon.

. . . . .

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take:
Or else I doubt if nature could,
So faire a creature make.

. . . . .

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde such a wight:
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace:
More redier to then doth the rose,
Within her liuely face.

. . . . .

O Lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire:
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so faire.

7

ON HIS MISTRIS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number then your light,
You common-people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weake accents, what 's your praise
When Philomell her voyce shal raise?

You violets that first apeare,
By your pure purpel mantels knowne,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blowne?

So when my mistris shal be seene
In form and beauty of her mind,
By vertue first, then choyce, a queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

8

MY LADY COMETH

HYD, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere;
Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun;
Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;
Penalopee, and Marcia Catoun,
Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;
Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne;
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,
Lavyne; and thou, Lucresse of Rome toun,
And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,
And Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,
Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun;
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich peyne;
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, alle y-fere,
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espyed by thy chere,
Ysiphile, betraysed with Jasoun,
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne soun;
Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne;
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

9

MADAME EGLENTYNE

THERE was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,

And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

10

THE YOUNG LOVER

A YONG SQUYER,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delivere, and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Iuste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.

11

THE STUDENT

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.

12

THE PRIEST

A GOOD man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient.

. . . . . .

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to sëynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous,

Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

13

SPRING

APRILLE with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
. . . Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë.

14

CUCKOO SONG

SUMER is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu —
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cucu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

15

SPRING

MY beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and
come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing *of birds* is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

16

SPRING

WHAT better change appears?
Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,
And all things in a moment turn so mild?
Whose breath or beams have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Nature 's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it winter is so quite forced hence,
And lock'd up under ground? that every sense
Hath several objects? trees have got their heads,
And fields their coats? that now the shining meads
Do boast the paunce, the lily, and the rose;
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows?
That seas are now more even than the land?
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand;
Only their heads are crisped by his stroke:—
How plays the yearling with his brow scarce broke

Now in the open grass! and frisking lambs
Make wanton salts about their dry-suck'd
dams!—
Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.
How is 't each bough a several music yields?
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;
The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,
The crested lark doth his division run?
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,
The finches carol, and the turtles bill?

17

SONG ON MAY MORNING

NOW the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

18

MAY

FOR mirth of May, wyth skippis and
wyth hoppis,
The birdis sang vpon the tender croppis
With courius note, as Venus chapell clerkis:
The rosis reid, now spreding of thair knoppis,
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall
droppis,
Throu bemes rede birnyng as ruby sperkis;
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis.

19

SPRING

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

20

SPRING

AND now all nature seem'd in love:
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stirre th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawne their valentines.

. . . . . .

Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;

. . . . . .

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.

21

A SUMMER DAY

THE golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abread.

. . . . . .

The ample heaven of fabrick sure,
In cleanness does surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
Or clearest polisht glass.

The time so tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall
No more they move or steir.

. . . . . .

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air
That every cry and call
The hills and dales and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

22

THE RAINBOW

HOW bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air.

THE DEWDROP

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 't was born;
Round in itself incloses:
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lyes;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light;
Like its own tear:
Because so long divided from the spheer.
Restless it roules, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pitty its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

24

SUMMER MORNING

WHEN that the rowes and the rayes redde
Eastward to us full early ginnen spredde,
Even at the twylyght in the dawneynge,
Whan that the larke of custom ginneth synge,
For to saluë in her heavenly laye,
The lusty goddesse of the morrowe graye,
I meane Aurora, which afore the sunne
Is wont t' enchase the blacke skyes dunne,
And al the darknesse of the dimmy night:
And freshe Phebus, with comforte of his light,
And with the brightnes of his bemes shene,
Hath overgylt the huge hylles grene;
And floures eke, agayn the morowe-tide,
Upon their stalkes gan playn their leaves wide.

SUMMER MORNING

I

THE purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting vp his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke vpone his fresche and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

II

Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyns grene, in-to thair bouris,
Apparalit quhite and red, with blumys suete;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris.

26

SUMMER MORNING

I

THE morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light.

II

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.

27

MORNING

I

FOR see, the dapple gray coursers of the
morne
Beat up the light with their bright silver
hooves,
And chase it through the skye.

II

Darknesse is fled: looke, infant morn hath
drawne
Bright silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
And now Auroras horse trots azure rings,
Breathing faire light about the firmament.

28

PHOSPHOR DISMISSES THE DANCING FAYS

TO rest! to rest! The herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence! Obey!
The moon is pale, and spent; and wingèd night
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight,
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.

29

SUMMER MORNING

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

30

SUMMER MORNING

LOOK, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

31

SUMMER MORNING

WHEN in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush;
Herbs strait get up, flow'rs peep and spread,
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head.

32

MORNING

I SEE the sun,
Eternal painter, now begin to rise,
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye;
And having dipped his pencil, aptly framed,
Already in the colour of the morn,
With various temper he doth mix in one
Darkness and light; and drawing curiously
Strait golden lines quite through the dusky sky,
A rough draft of the day he seems to yield,
With red and tawny in an azure field.

33

TO THE LARK

SENTINEL of the morning light!
Reveller of the spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying:
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

Oh! wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'T wixt darkness and the light,
And seek with heav'n's first dawn upon thy crest,
My lady love, the moonbeam of the west?

No woodland caroller art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song.

34

TWILIGHT AND NIGHT

I WALK unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

35

COMUS'S EVENING SONG

THE star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

THE EVENING KNELL

SHEPHERDS, all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout

From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.

. . . . . .

So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell.

37

THE STARS

LORD how the heavens be spangled!
How each spark
Contends for greater brightnes, to undark
The shades of night; and in a silent story,
Declare the greatnesse of their Maker's glory!

NIGHT

DEAR Night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress, and His prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of Night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kinred catch.

SONG TO THE WIND

DISCOVER thou what is
The strong creature from before the flood,
Without flesh, without bone,
Without vein, without blood,
Without head, without feet;
It will neither be older nor younger
Than at the beginning;

. . . . . .

Great God! how the sea whitens
When first it comes!
Great are its gusts
When it comes from the south;

. . . . . .

It is in the field, it is in the wood,
Without hand and without foot,
Without signs of old age,
Though it be co-eval
With the five ages or periods;
And older still,
Though they be numberless years.

It is also so wide;
As the surface of the earth;
And it was not born,
Nor was it seen.

. . . . .

It commences its journey
Above the marble rock.
It is sonorous, it is dumb,
It is mild,
It is strong, it is bold,
When it glances over the land.
It is silent, it is vocal,
It is clamorous,
It is the most noisy
On the face of the earth.
It is good, it is bad,

. . . . .

It is yonder, it is here;
It will discompose,
But will not repair the injury;
It will not suffer for its doings,
Seeing it is blameless.
It is wet, it is dry,
It frequently comes,
Proceeding from the heat of the sun,
And the coldness of the moon.

40

WINTER NIGHTS

NOW winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.

41

WINTER

SYNE Wynter wan, quhen austern Eolus,
God of the wynd, with blastis boreall,
The grene garment of somer glorious
Hes all to rent and revin in pecis small;
Than flouris fair, faidit with frost, mon fall,
And birdis blyith changit thair noitis sweit
In still murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

42

THE CHANGES OF LIFE

YISTERDAY fair sprang the flowris,
This day thai ar all slane with schouris;
And foulis in forrest that sang cleir,
Now walkis with ane drerie cheir,
Full cauld ar bayth thair beddis and bouris.

So nixt to symmer, wynter bene;
Nixt eftir confort, cairis keine;
Nixt eftir myd nycht, the myrthfull morrow;
Nixt eftir joy, ay cumis sorrow:
So is this warld, and ay hes bene.

43

GRAY HAIRS

MY lustes they do me leeue,
My fansies all be fledde:
And tract of time begins to weaue.
Gray heares vpon my hedde.

For age with stelyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche;
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had bene none such.

44

TIME'S WINGED CHARIOT

AT my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

45

OH CRUEL TIME!

OH cruel Time! which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

46

WHERE?

WHERE is Paris and Heléyne
That weren so bright and fair of blee
Amadas, Tristan, and Idéyne
Yseudë and allë the,
Hector with his sharpë main,
And Cæsar rich in worldës fee?
They beth ygliden out of the reign
As the shaft is of the clee.

THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of song: when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the Voice of Cona! The first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of the bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

48

DEATH

ONTO the ded gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelotis, and Potestatis,
Baith riche et pur of all degre;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knychtis in to feild,
Anarmit vnder helme et scheild;
Wictour he is at all melle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang vnmercifull tyrand
Tak[is] on the moderis breist sowkand
The bab, full of benignite;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campion in the stour,
The capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewte;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

DEATH'S SUMMONS

BEAUTY is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave:
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

DYING

O THE sad day!
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me —
"Hark, how he groans!
Look, how he pants for breath!
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!"
When they shall say of these dear eyes —
"How hollow, O how dim they be!
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
Against his potent enemy!"
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
But — when his next companions say
"How does he do? What hopes?" — shall turn away,
Answering only, with a lift-up hand —
"Who can his fate withstand?"

Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before:
Persuade the world to trouble me no more!

51

THE DEATH OF CHARLES

HE nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did trye;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spight,
To vindicate his helplesse right;
But bowed his comely head
Downe, as upon a bed.

52

THE END

O MORTALL folke! you may beholde and se
Howe I lye here, sometime a myghty knyght;
The end of joye and all prosperite
Is deth at last, through his course and myght;
After the day there cometh the derke night;
For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge.

DEATH

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mightie and dreadfull, for thou art not soe;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrowe
Dye not, poore Death; not yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flowe:
And soonest our best men doe with thee goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules' deliverie.
Thou 'art slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warr, and sicknes dwell,
And poppie or charmes can make us sleep as well,

And better then thy stroke; why swell'st thou
then?
One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,
And Death shalbe no more: Death, thou shalt
dye.

BEYOND

DEAR, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

55

THE LORD DESCENDED FROM ABOVE

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowde the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darknesse of the skie.

On Cherubs and on Cherubims
Full roiallie he rode;
And on the winges of all the windes
Came flying all abrode.

56

OBEY AND THANK THY GOD

ALLONE as I went up and doun
In ane Abbay was fair to se,
Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Was best in-to adversitie;
On caiss I kest on syd myne é,
And saw this written upoun a wall,
Of quhat estait, Man, that thow be,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

THE GUEST

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I 'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 't were good reason too;
For 't is a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All 's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves "Repent! Repent!"

59

THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR

"O GOE againe," then said the kinge,
"O good sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"
"Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can bee?

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword, that wins thine eye?
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote bee:
Then hastend backe to telle the kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after hee did him spye:
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

60

MARGRET FOLLOWS SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

NOW she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There 's nae room at my head, Margret,
There 's nae room at my feet,
There 's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
"'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That [I] were gane away."

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I 'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
  Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
  Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I 'd be blest,
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,
  On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
  On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
  For her sake that died for me.

62

WALY, WALY

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae!
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak —
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearìe.

'T is not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvèt,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

THE TWA CORBIES

AS I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say,
"Whar sall we gang and dine the day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en anither mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I 'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We 'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

64

THE CASTLE RUINS

THE grey cock gat up an' flappit his wings,
An' lud an' baul cru he,
The blythe morn glynted owr the hill tap,
An' the birds sang merrilie.

Bat that morn schaw'd a feerfu' sicht,
As ever man did see,
For the castel wa' was blak as seet,
An' the reef was the heven's hie.

Nae livin' thing in that castel,
Saw mornin' light agen,
Ther was naething left bat the blak chymnes,
An' wa's o' blak brent stane.

Lang has the castel bleecht i' the win,
Yet quhiter it winna be,
Bat the wyld flours bla' on the reefless wa',
An' corbies build ther æyrie.

65

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
— *Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

66

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

I SING of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came al so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be.

67.

THE BRIDE'S GOOD-MORROW

THE night is passed, & ioyfull day appeareth
most cleare on every side;
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,
good morrow, Mistris Bride!
From sleepe and slumber now awake you out of hand:
your bridegroome stayeth at home,
Whose fancy, favour & affection still doth stand
fixed on thee alone:
Dresse you in your best array,
This must be your wedding day,
God almighty send you happy ioy,
In health and wealth to keep you still;
And, if it be his blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy!

This day is honour now brought into thy bosome,
and comfort to thy heart:
For God hath sent you a friend for to defend you
from sorrow, care, and smart;
In health and sicknes, for thy comfort day & night
he is appointed and brought
Whose love and liking is most constant, sure, and right:
then love ye him as ye ought.
Now you have your hearts desire,
And the thing you did require.
God almighty send you happy ioy,
In health and wealth to keepe you still;
And, if it be his blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy!

NUPTIAL SONG

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet ayre blow soft, mount Larks aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the Larke Ile borrow:
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both Ile borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin red brest,
Sing birds in ev'ry furrow:
And from each Bill let musick shrill
Give my faire love good morrow.
Blackbird and Thrush, in every bush,
Stare, Linet and Cock-sparrow:
You pretty Elves, amongst your selves,
Sing my faire love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing Birds in every furrow.

69

WAYWORN UNA

ONE day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And make a sunshine in the shady place.

70

THE SLEEPING NYMPH

HER golden hair o'erspred her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillow's place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

71

FAIR ANNET'S PALFREY

THE horse Fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
War a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

72

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

THESE pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne:
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

KING OBERON'S APPAREL

THE outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved true-love grass;
On which was set so fine a gloss,
By the oil of crispy moss,
That through a mist, and starry light,
It made a rainbow every night.
On every seam, there was a lace,
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace;
To it, the purest silver thread
Compared, did look like dull pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry;
Which in a gloomy night and dark,
Twinkled like a fiery spark.
And for coolness, next his skin
'T was with white poppy lined within.
His breeches, of that fleece were wrought,
Which from Colchus, Jason brought;
Spun into so fine a yarn,
That mortals might it not discern;

Woven by Arachne in her loom,
Last before she had her doom;
Dyed crimson with a maiden's blush,
And lined with dandely on plush.
. . . . . .

His cap was all of "lady's love"
So passing light, that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzzed the air, in passing by.
. . . . . .
The sword they girded on his thigh,
Was smallest blade of finest rye.
. . . . . .
His belt was made of myrtle leaves
Plaited in small curious threaves;
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fringed about with daisy buds.
In which his bugle horn was hung
Made of the babbling Echo's tongue.

THE CHURCH COURTS AND THE GRAY MARE

MARIE! I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame coills,
And he hir drounit into the Querrell hollis;
And I ran to the Consistorie, for to pleinze,
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinze.
Thay gave me first ane thing, thay call *Citendum;*
Within aucht dayis, I gat bot *Lybellandum,*
Within ane moneth, I gat *ad Opponendum,*
In half ane yeir, I gat *Inter loquendum,*
And syne I gat, how call ye it? *ad Replicandum:*
But I could never ane word yit understand him.
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis,
And gart me pay for four-and-twentie actis:

Bot or they came half gate to *Concludendum*,
The feind a placke was left far to defend him:
Thus, thay postponit me twa yeir with their
traine,
Syne, *Hodie ad octo*, bad me cum againe:
And than, thir ruiks, thay roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver thay cryit at the last.
Of *Pronunciandum*, they maid me wonder
faine;
But I got nevir my gude gray meir againe.

75

FOR THEM WOULD KNOW TOO MUCH

IT was demanded once, What God did doe
Before the world he framed? Whereunto
Answere was made, He built a Hell for such
As are too curious, and would know too
much.

76

TO HANG OR TO MARRY

TRULY some men there be,
That live always in great horrour,
And say, it goeth by destiny
To hang or wed: both hath one hour.
And, whether it be, I am well sure,
Hanging is better of the twain;
Sooner done, and shorter pain.

77

UNASHAMED

IF great Apollo offer'd as a dower
His burning throne to Beauty's excellence,
If Jove himself came in a golden shower
Down to the earth, to fetch fair Io thence,
If Venus in the curled locks was tied
Of proud Adonis, not of gentle kind,
If Tellus for a shepherd's favour died
(The favour cruel Love to her assign'd),
If heaven's winged herald Hermes had
His heart enchanted with a country maid,
If poor Pygmalion was for Beauty mad,
If gods and men have all for Beauty stray'd, —
I am not then ashamed to be included
'Mongst those that love and be with love deluded.

78

FORGET NOT

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd :
Forget not this !

79

FAREWELL

WHAT should I say?
Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! nay! Mistress.

I promis'd you,
And you promis'd me,
To be as true,
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

Thought for to take,
It is not my mind;
But to forsake
[One so unkind;]
And as I find,
So will I trust;
Farewel, unjust!

Can ye say nay,
But that you said
That I alway
Should be obey'd?
And thus betray'd,
Or that I wist!
Farewell, unkist!

80

FAREWELL

DEPART, depart, depart!
Alace! I must depart
From her that has my heart,
With heart full soir!
Against my will indeed,
And can find no remeid—
I wot the pains of deid
Can do no moir.

Now must I go, alace!
From sight of her sweet face,
The ground of all my grace,
And sovereign;
What chance that may fall me
Sall I never merry be,
Unto the time I see
My sweet again.

I go, and wot not where,
I wander here and there,
I weep and sich right sair,
With panës smart:
Now must I pass away, away,
In wilderness and wildsome way —
Alace! this woful day
We should depart!

My spirit does quake for dreid,
My thirled heart does bleed,
My panës does exceed:
What should I say?
I, woful wight, alone,
Makand ane piteous moan;
Alace! my heart is gone,
For ever and ay!

Through languor of my sweet,
So thirléd is my spreit,
My days are most complete,
Through her absence:
Christ, sen she knew my smart,
Ingraven in my heart,
Because I must depart
From her presence!

Adieu, my own sweet thing,
My joy and comforting,
My mirth and solaceing
Of earthly gloir!
Farewell, my lady bright,
And my remembrance right,
Farewell, and have good night—
I say no moir.

81

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

AND so determine I to serve until my breath;
Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to false my faith.
And if my feeble corpse, through weight of woful smart
Do fail, or faint, my will it is that still she keep my heart.
And when this carcase here to earth shall be refar'd,
I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her afterward.

THE MOONE

WITH how sad steps, O Moone, thou clim'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wanne a face!
What, may it be that euen in heau'nly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries!
Sure, if that long-with-loue-acquainted eyes
Can iudge of loue, thou feel'st a louer's case,
I reade it in thy lookes; thy languisht grace,
To me, that feele the like, thy state discries.
Then, eu'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,
Is constant loue deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they aboue loue to be lou'd, and yet
Those louers scorne whom that loue doth possesse?
Doe they call vertue there vngratefulnesse?

83

THOU, WHOSE SWEET ELOQUENCE DOTH MAKE ME MUTE

THOU, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whose sight doth blind me, & whose nimbleness
Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes mee motion-lesse:
Whose only presence from my selfe absents mee;
Whose pleasant humors makes mee passionate;
Whose sober moods my follies represent mee:
Whose grave-milde graces make mee emulate;
My heart, through whom my heart is none of mine:
My All, through whom, I nothing doe possesse,
Save thine *Idæa*, glorious and divine:

O thou my Peace-like War, and War-like
Peace,
So much the wounds that thou hast given
mee please,
That 't is my best ease never to have ease.

84

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAYNE

WERE I as base as is the lowly playne,
And you (my Loue) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swaine,
Ascend to Heauen in honour of my Loue.
Were I as highe as Heau'n aboue the playne,
And you (my Loue) as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the Mayne,
Whereso 'ere you were, with you my Loue should go.
Were you the Earth (deere Loue) and I the skies,
My loue should shine on you like to the Sun,
And looke vpon you with ten thousand Eyes,
Till heau'n wax't, and till the world were dun.
Whereso 'ere I am, below, or els aboue you,
Whereso 'ere you are, my hart shal truly loue you.

85

WHEN THE WORLD BEGANNE

THE Poets fayne that when the world beganne,
Both sexes in one body did remaine:
Till Ioue (offended with this double man)
Causd Vulcan to diuide him into twaine.
In this diuision, he the hart did seuer,
But cunningly he did indent the hart,
That if there were a reuniting euer,
Each part might know which was his counter-part.
See then (deere loue) th' Indenture of my hart,
And reade the Cou'nants writ with holy fire:
See (if your hart be not the counterpart,
Of my true harts indented chast desire.)
And, if it bee, so may it euer bee,
Twoo harts in one, twixt you my Loue and mee.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND

GO, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What 's good, and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

. . . . . .

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it metes but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

. . . . . .

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

87

THE LIFE OF MAN

THE World 's a bubble; and the life of man
Lesse then a span.
In his conception wretched; from the wombe,
so to the tombe:
Curst from the cradle, and brought vp to yeares,
With cares and feares.
Who then to fraile Mortality shall trust,
But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet, since with sorrow here we liue opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but onely superficial Scholes
to dandle fooles:
The rurall parts are turn'd into a den
of sauage men:
And where 's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domesticke cares afflict the husband's bed,
or paines, his head :
Those that liue single, take it for a curse,
or doe things worse :
Some would haue children ; those that haue
them none ;
or wish them gone.
What is it then to haue or haue no wife,
But single thraldome or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please,
is a disease :
To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle,
perills and toyle :
Warres with their noyse affright vs : when
they cease,
W' are worse in peace :
What then remaines, but that we still should
cry,
Not to be borne, or being borne, to dye.

88

THIS LIFE

THIS life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For even when most admir'd, it in a thought,
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

89

CHILDHOOD RECALLED

I

HAPPY those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back — at that short space —
Could see a glimpse of His bright-face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,

Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

II

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.

90

TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

91

IN GRACE'S COURT

I DWELL in Grace's Court,
Enriched with Virtue's rights:
Faith guides my wit! Love leads my will!
Hope, all my mind delights!

. . . . . .

My Conscience is my crown!
Contented thoughts, my rest!
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast!

. . . . . .

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride!
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honour slide!

. . . . . .

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down!
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown!

And when, in froward mood,
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come;
Less loss to let her go!

92

THE RICHES OF THE QUIET MIND

MY mind to me a kingdom is:
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

. . . . . .

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
  A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

93

THE QUIET MINDE

WHEN all is doen and saied, in the ende
thus shall you finde,
The most of all doeth bath in blisse, that hath
a quiet minde:
. . . . . .
Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen
at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde vnto the heauens
with vs we haue.

94

THE LASTING GOOD

THOU must not undervalue what thou hast,
In weighing it with that which more is graced;
The worth that weigheth inward should not long
For outward prices. This should make thee strong
In thy close value: nought so good can be
As that which lasts good betwixt God and thee.

95

THE HAPPY MAN

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

. . . . . .

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

96

CONTENT

SELDOM it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought, — Content.

97

GRASS AND FLOWERS

WE trample grass, and prize the flowers of
May ;
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

98

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE

THE chiefe vse then in man of that he knowes,
Is his paines-taking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our owne made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soule that ouerflowes
With bitternesse, breath'd out from inward thrall:
'But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
'As needs requires, this fraile fall'n humane kinde.

99

THE NOBLE HEART

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.

100

CROMWELL

SO restlesse Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous warre
Urgèd his active starre;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own Side
His fiery way divide:
. . . . . .
Then burning through the aire he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

SHALL THE POT COMPLAINE?

MAY not a Potter, that, from out the Ground,
Hath fram'd a vessell, search if it be sound?
Or if, by forbushing, he take more paine
To make it fairer, shall the Pot complaine?
Mortall, thou art but Clay: then shall not Hee,
That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
Man, cloze thy lips; Be thou no vndertaker
Of God's designes; Dispute not with thy Maker.

THE HIGH PERFECTIONS

THE high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n do's please
To crowne our transitory dayes, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee:
A faithfull *Friend;* equall in love, degree:
Lands fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse:*
A boastlesse *hand;* a Charitable *purse:*
A smiling *Conscience;* A contented *Mind;*
A sober *knowledge*, with true *Wisedome*, joynd;
A *Brest*, well-temper'd; *Dyet*, without Art,
Surfeit, or want; A wisely-simple *Heart;*
Pastimes ingenious, lawfull, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring:
A *Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd; and an equall *Neighbour:*
A prudent *wife*, and constant to the roofe;
Sober, but yet not sad, and faire enough;
Sleepe seasonable, moderate, and secure;
Actions heroicke, constant, blamelesse, pure;
A *Life*, as long as faire; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

103

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

104

LOOK TO THE END

MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

HEARK HITHER

HEARK hither, Reader; would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
His own musick; his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well?
. . . . . .
A happie soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer's day?
. . . . . .
In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden houres
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres;
And when Life's sweet fable ends,
His soul and bodie part like friends:
No quarrels, murmures, no delay:
A kisse, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see,
Heark, hither; and thyself be he.

106

THE JUST MAN

HE fearlesse stands; he knows whom he doth trust.

. . . . . .

Strange strength resideth in the soul that 's just.

107

AN EPITAPH

HERE lies the ruin'd Cabinet
Of a rich Soul more highly set:
The dross and refuse of a Mind
Too glorious to be here confined.

. . . . . .

. . . While he travel'd here beneath,
He lived when others only breathe:
For not a sand of time slipp'd by
Without its action sweet as high.
So good, so peaceable, so bless'd, —
Angels alone can speak the rest.

108

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT MORTON'S WIFE

HE first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

EIDOLA

ARE they shadows that we see?
And can shadows pleasure give?
Pleasures only shadows be,
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are exprest.
Pleasures are not if they last;
In their passage is their best:
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold:
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold:
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.

ANCIENT ATHENS

BEHOLD
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil —
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages — his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.

There thou shalt hear and learn the secret
power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher
sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.

111

ARCADIA

ARCADIA was, of old, a state,
Subject to none but their own laws and fate;
Superior there was none, but what old age
And hoary hairs had raised; the wise and sage,
Whose gravity, when they are rich in years,
Begat a civil reverence more than fears
In the well-mannered people; at that day,
All was in common, every man bare sway
O'er his own family; the jars that rose
Were soon appeased by such grave men as those:
This mine and thine, that we so cavil for,
Was then not heard of; he that was most poor
Was rich in his content, and lived as free
As they whose flocks were greatest; nor did he
Envy his great abundance, nor the other
Disdain the low condition of his brother,
But lent him from his store to mend his state,
And with his love he quits him, thanks his fate;

And, taught by his example, seeks out such
As want his help, that they may do as much.
Their laws, e'en from their childhood, rich and
poor
Had written in their hearts, by conning o'er
The legacies of good old men, whose memories
Outlive their monuments, the grave advice
They left behind in writing; — this was that
That made Arcadia then so blest a state.

112

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

YOU brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long:
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep!
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
When Eolus scowls
You need not fear;
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soil
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
Above the seas that flows
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere —
Apollo's sacred tree —
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

113

MUSIC

THE motion which the nine-fold sacred quire
Of angels make: the bliss of all the bless'd,
Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest desire,
And moves but souls that move in Pleasure's rest;
The heavenly charm that lullabies our woes,
And recollects the mind that cares distract,
The lively death of joyless thoughts o'erthrows,
And brings rare joys but thought on into act:
Which like the Soul of all the world doth move,
The universal nature of this All:
The life of life, and soul of joy and love,
High rapture's heaven: the That I can not call
(Like God) by rèal name: and what is this
But Music, next the Highest, the highest bliss?

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh
din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion
swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere
long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn
of light!

115

THE CELESTIAL SIRENS' HARMONY

IN deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurgèd ear.

THE ANGELIC SYMPHONY

RING out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

117

LAP ME IN SOFT LYDIAN AIRS

AND ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

118

MUSIC

OH, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

119

BLISSFUL SOUNDS ON THE NIGHT AIR

HOW sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled !

120

MUSIC'S DUEL

NOW westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hard cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood,
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren — harmless Syren she!)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival and her art;
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,

Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and, ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch ; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance ; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together ; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it

By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He, amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (Moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng

Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys
float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her
breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that sweet soil; it seems a holy choir
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly
notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their
throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins
sing:
(Most Divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing Day!
There might you hear her kindle her soft
voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,

And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse bird
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the Musician's face; 'Yet once again
(Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute;

Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy;'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath: which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humorous strings expound his learnéd touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;

Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The Lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies; here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone;
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their Master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyrean of pure harmony.
At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,

In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat),
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul !) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone ;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
She dies : and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute : O, fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave !

THE BIRD CONCERT

THE mounting lark, day's herald, got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bow and sing.
The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the music might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing hearts.
But, as it seem'd, they thought, as do the swains
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plains,
There should some droning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to fly into a neighbouring field,
In embassy unto the king of bees,
To aid his partners on the flowers and trees:

Who condescending gladly flew along
To bear the base to his well-tunèd song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
To his deep voice, but being hoarse with
scolding,
He thus lends aid ; upon an oak doth climb,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

FLOWERS FOR THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY

WELL done, my pretty ones! rain roses still,
Until the last be dropt: then hence, and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.
Bring corn-flag, tulips, and Adonis' flower,
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
Blue harebells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth;
Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The checqued, and purple-ringèd daffodillies,
Bright crown imperial, kingspear, hollyhocks,
Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks;
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's hair,
And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,
With spikenard weaved and marjoram between,
And starred with yellow-golds and meadows-queen.

THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES

TO the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells;
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

EVE

(*Her Hair*)

THE fuller stream of her luxuriant Hair
Pour'd down itself upon her ivory back:
In which soft flood ten thousand *Graces* were
Sporting and dallying with every Lock;
The rival *Winds* for kisses fell to fight,
And rais'd a ruffling tempest of Delight.

(*Her Eyes*)

Two Garrisons were these of conquering Love,
Two founts of Life, of Spirit, of Joy, of Grace;
Two Easts in one fair Heav'ns no more above,
But in the hemisphere of her own face.

(*Her Mouth*)

Inamoring *Neatness*, *Softness*, *Pleasure*, at
Her gracious Mouth in full retinue stood:
For, next the Eyes' bright Glass, the Soul at that
Takes most delight to look and walk abroad.

(*Her Waist*)

Her waste itself did gird
With its own graceful Slenderness, and ty
Up *Delicacy's* best Epitomy.

Fair *Politure* walk'd all her body over,
And *Symmetry* rejoyc'd in every part;
Soft and white *Sweetness* was her native Cover.

This was the first-born *Queen of Gallentry:*
All Gems compounded into one rich Stone,
All sweets knit into one conspiracy,
A constellation of all Stars in one.

HERO

AT Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:

Many would praise the sweet smell as she
past,
When 't was the odour which her breath forth
cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there
again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds
shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her
mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd of hollow pearl and
gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went, would cherup through the
bills.

126

FAUST HAS A VISION OF HELEN

WAS this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?

. . . . . .

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars !

HELEN ON THE WALLS

THEY reach'd the Scæan towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors;
Panthous, Lampus, Clytius, and stout Hicetaon,
Thymœtes, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon;
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so, talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sate; who when they saw the power

Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those
cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost wither'd men, found
this heat in their years,
That they were forced (through whispering) to
say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so
admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long?"

CLEOPATRA

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool,
And what they undid did.
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

129

THE MAGICIAN'S HERMITAGE

A LITLE lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traveill to and froe ; a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde ;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS

AND, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did caste him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

EFTSOONES they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet,
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

HIS POETS

WERE I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say,
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way;
Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye;
Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high;
Spenser for luxury, and sweet, sylvan play;
Horace for chatting with, from day to day;
Shakspere for all, but most — society.

But which take with me, could I take but one?
Shakspere, as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser;
But did I wish, out of the common sun,
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing,—
Spenser.

THE FADELESS SUMMER

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

DIRGE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

135

SWEET AND TWENTY

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

THE SONG OF PARIS AND ŒNONE

Œnone Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œnone My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse, —

Ambo "They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

137

THE TREACHEROUS GUEST

CUPID abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
I oped the door, and granted his desire,
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his back:
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart:
Away he flew, for why his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest.

138

UNTRUE

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night:
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the dial stand:
The streams still glide and constant are:
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

139

FORTUNE, THE BROOK AND LOVE

SO glides along the wanton brook
With gentle pace into the main,
Courting the banks with amorous look
He never means to see again.

And so does Fortune use to smile
Upon the short-liv'd favourite's face,
Whose swelling hopes she doth beguile,
And always casts him in the race.

And so doth the fantastic boy,
The god of the ill-manag'd flames,
Who ne'er kept word in promis'd joy
To lover, nor to loving dames.

So all alike will constant prove,
Both Fortune, running streams, and Love.

SONG

GO and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

141

ACCURST BE LOVE

ACCURST be love, and they that trust
his trains;
He tastes the fruit, whil'st others toil:
He brings the lamp, we lend the oil:
He sows distress, we yield him soil:
He wageth war, we bide the foil.

Accurst be love, and those that trust his
trains;
He lays the trap, we seek the snare:
He threatneth death, we speak him fair:
He coins deceits, we foster care:
He favoureth pride, we count it rare.

Accurst be love, and those that trust his
trains;
He seemeth blind, yet wounds with art:
He vows content, he pays with smart:
He swears relief, yet kills the heart:
He calls for truth, yet scorns desert.

Accurst be love, and those that trust his trains.
Whose heaven is hell; whose perfect joys are pains.

JEALOUSY

WHEN gods had framed the sweet of women's face,
And locked men's looks within their golden hair,
That Phœbus blushed to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair;
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow;
The amber sweet of love is turned to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He could be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CVPID and my *Campaspe* playd
At Cardes for kisses, *Cupid* payd;
He stakes his Quiuer, Bow, & Arrows,
His Mothers doues, & teeme of sparows;
Looses them too; then, downe he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the cristall of his Brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne:
All these did my *Campaspe* winne.
At last, hee set her both his eyes;
Shee won, and *Cupid* blind did rise.
O Loue! has shee done this to Thee?
What shall (Alas!) become of mee?

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

THE CRYER

GOOD Folke, for Gold or Hyre,
But helpe me to a Cryer;
For my poore Heart is runne astray
After two Eyes, that pass'd this way.
O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any Man,
In Towne or Countrey, can
Bring me my Heart againe,
Ile please him for his paine;
And by these Marks I will you show,
That onely I this Heart doe owe.
It is a wounded Heart,
Wherein yet sticks the Dart,
Eu'ry piece sore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and Troth, writ round about it:
It was a tame Heart, and a deare,
And neuer vs'd to roame;
But hauing got this Haunt, I feare
'T will hardly stay at home.
For Gods sake, walking by the way,
If you my Heart doe see,
Either impound it for a Stray,
Or send it backe to me.

THRICE TOSS THESE OAKEN ASHES IN THE AIR

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

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AMARYLLIS

CROWNED with flowers I saw fair Amaryllis
By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal,
And with her hand more white than snow or lilies,
On sand she wrote *My faith shall be immortal:*
And suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together.

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FRA BANK TO BANK, FRA WOOD TO WOOD

FRA bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin,
Ourhailit with my feeble fantasie;
Like til a leaf that fallis from a tree,
Or til a reed ourblawin with the win.

Twa gods guides me: the ane of tham is blin,
Yea and a bairn brocht up in vanitie;
The next a wife ingenrit of the sea,
And lichter nor a dauphin with her fin.

Unhappy is the man for evermair
That tills the sand and sawis in the air;
But twice unhappier is he, I lairn,
That feidis in his hairt a mad desire,
And follows on a woman throw the fire,
Led by a blind and teachit by a bairn.

THE RESOLVE

TELL me not of a face that 's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that 's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice
I would have all these things:
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?

Then if thou 'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that 's kind:
Else I 'm a servant to the glass
That 's with Canary lined.

SOFT, CUPID, SOFT

SOFT, Cupid, soft, there is no haste,
For all unkindness gone and past;
Since thou wilt needs forsake me so,
Let us part friends before thou go.

Still shalt thou have my heart to use, —
When I cannot otherwise chuse:
My life thou mayst command sans doubt,
Command, I say — and go without.

And if that I do ever prove
False and unkind to gentle Love,
I 'll not desire to live a day
Nor any longer — than I may.

I 'll daily bless the little god, —
But not without a smarting rod.
Wilt thou still unkindly leave me?
Now I pray God, — all ill go with thee!

THE LADY OF THE MAY

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride;
There I spièd all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love, and she would not.
She said, Never man was true,
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Coridon would kiss her then;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never love a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

COME A MAYING

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an houre since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the Birds have Mattens seyd,
And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 't is sin
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;

And sweet as *Flora.* Take no care
For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire;
Feare not; the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:
And *Titan* on the Eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:
Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

WELCOME TO AGLAIA

FLORA hath bin all about,
And hath brought her wardrope out;
With her fairest sweetest flowers,
All to trimme vp all your Bowers.
Bid the Shepheards and their Swaynes
See the beautie of their plaines.
And commaund them with their flockes
To doe reuerence on the rockes.
Where they may so happie be
As her shadowe but to see.
Bidde the Birdes in euery bush,
Not a bird to be at hush:
But to sit, chirip, and sing,
To the beautie of the spring.
Call the siluan Nimphes together,
Bid them bring their musickes hither:
. . . . . .
So with all your sweetest powers,
Entertaine her in your bowers.
Where her eare may ioy to heare,
How yee make your sweetest quire:

And in all your sweetest vaine,
Still Aglaia strike the straine.
But when shee her walke doth turne,
Then begin as fast to mourne:
All your flowers and Garlands wither,
Put vp all your pipes together:
Neuer strike a pleasing straine
Till shee come abrode againe.

PHŒBUS, ARISE

PHŒBUS, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy carrier may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each where sing;
Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

. . . . . .

This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love.

. . . . . .

The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels;
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And ev'ry thing, save her, who all should grace.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDE

WHAT'S that we see from far? the spring of Day
Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd May
Blowne out of April; or some New-
Star fill'd with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven,
To adde a nobler Planet to the seven?
Say, or doe we not descrie
Some Goddesse, in a cloud of Tiffanie
To move, or rather the
Emergent *Venus* from the Sea?

'T is she! 't is she! or else some more Divine
Enlightned substance; mark how from the Shrine
Of holy Saints she paces on,
Treading upon *Vermilion*
And *Amber;* Spice-
ing the Chaf't-Aire with fumes of Paradise.

Then come on, come on, and yeeld
A savour like unto a blessed field,
When the bedabled Morne
Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes; and smell how all the street
Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats: O how sweet!
As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,
Perspiring pounded Cynamon.
The Phenix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
Who therein wo'd not consume
His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume?
Bestroaking Fate the while
He burnes to Embers on the Pile.

Himen, O Himen! tread the sacred ground;
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram crown'd:
Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,
In his desires
More towring, more disparkling then thy fires:

Shew her how his eyes do turne
And roule about, and in their motions burne
Their balls to Cindars: haste,
Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe
The Shewers of Roses, lucky four-leav'd grasse:
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drowne yee with a flowrie Spring.

BRIDAL SONG

O COME, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapèd harvest of the light
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war:
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command
For torches to our nuptial grace.
Love calls to war:
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

THE BRIDE

HER feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

. . . . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But . . . her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

MORNING SONG

RISE, lady mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been;
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin.
Is not she a saint, then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam, rise and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance darker than night,
Till thou shine on thy lover.
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the grey morn breaks from thine eyes.

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MORNING SONG

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

A CAVALIER WAR-SONG

A STEED, a steed, of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keen ;
All else to noble hearts is dross,
All else on earth is mean.
The neighing of the war-horse proud,
The rolling of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet loud,
Be sounds from heaven that come.
And oh ! the thundering press of knights,
Whenas their war-cries swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your helms amain ;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field again.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye,
When the sword-hilt 's in our hand ;
Heart-whole we 'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest in the land.

Let piping swain and craven wight
  Thus weep and puling cry ;
Our business is like men to fight,
  And, like to heroes, die !

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TO LUCASTA. GOING TO THE WARRES

TELL me not, (sweet,)I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and arms I flie.

True: a new Mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

TO ALTHEA

From Prison

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine *Althea* brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the aire,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying *Thames*,
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Inlarged winds, that curle the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such liberty.

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LOVE

O LOVE, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee ;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

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THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ·
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

. . . . . .

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

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LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

BEAUTY SAT BATHING

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden,
But better memory said Fie;
So vain desire was chidden.

Into a slumber then I fell,
And fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion:
But even as babes in dreams do smile
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
As when I fell a-sleeping.

THE DURING BEAUTY

HE that loues a rosie cheeke,
Or a corrall lip admires;
Or from starlike eyes doth seeke
Fewell to maintaine his fires:
As olde Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calme desires;
Hearts with equall loue combin'd,
Kindlesse neuer dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Louely cheekes or lips or eyes.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

WHAT CARE I?

SHALL I, wasting in despaire
Dye, because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I *how* faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be she Meeker, Kinder than
Turtle-dove or *Pellican:*
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or her wel deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how Good she be?

Cause her *Fortune* seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woe.
And unlesse that *Minde* I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire
I will ne're the more despaire:
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will Die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be?

WHO ERE SHE BE

WHO ere she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where ere she lye,
Lock't up from mortall eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps tread our Earth;

Till that divine
Idæa, take a shrine
Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

. . . . . .

Let her full glory,
My fancyes, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

ROSALINE

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft to touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there 's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were
mine!

EARINE

HERE she was wont to go ! and here ! and here !
Just where those daisies, pinks and violets grow :
The world may find the Spring by following her ;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk !
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

THE SIRENS' SONG

STEER, hither steer your wingèd pines,
All beaten mariners!
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers:
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests:
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

MY HEART IS HIGH ABOVE

MY heart is high above, my body is full of bliss,
For I am set in luve as well as I would wiss
I luve my lady pure and she luvis me again,
I am her serviture, she is my soverane ;
She is my very heart, I am her howp and heill,
She is my joy invart, I am her luvar leal ;
I am her bond and thrall, she is at my command ;
I am perpetual her man, both foot and hand ;
The thing that may her please my body sall fulfil ;
Quhatever her disease, it does my body ill.
My bird, my bonny ane, my tender babe venust,
My luve, my life alane, my liking and my lust !
We interchange our hairtis in others armis soft,
Spriteless we twa depairtis, usand our luvis oft.

We mourn when licht day dawis, we plain the
nicht is short,
We curse the cock that crawis, that hinderis
our disport.
I glowffin up aghast, quhen I her miss on
nicht,
And in my oxter fast I find the bowster richt;
Then languor on me lies like Morpheus the
mair,
Quhilk causes me uprise and to my sweet
repair.
And then is all the sorrow forth of remem-
brance
That ever I had a-forrow in luvis observance.
Thus never I do rest, so lusty a life I lead,
Quhen that I list to test the well of woman-
heid.
Luvaris in pain, I pray God send you sic
remeid
As I have nicht and day, you to defend from
deid!
Therefore be ever true unto your ladies free,
And they will on you rue as mine has done on
me.

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MADRIGAL

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

THE POETRY OF DRESS

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse
A Lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher:
A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving Note)
In the tempestuous petticote:
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wilde civilty:
Doe more bewitch me, then when Art
Is too precise in every part.

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THE THIEFE

THOU rob'st my Daies of bus'nesse and delights,
Of sleep thou rob'st my Nights;
Ah Lovely Thiefe, what wilt thou doe?
What? Rob me of Heaven too?
Thou, even my prayers thou hauntest me;
And I, with wild Idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to Thee.

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A THIEF IN EITHER EYE

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOME OF CASTARA

YEE blushing Virgins happie are
In the chaste Nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them *Cupids* nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld ?
In some close garden, Cowslips so
Are sweeter then ith' open field.

In those white Cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

180

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

LOVE in her sunny Eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Haire;
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray;
And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love 's alwaies seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE

LOVE, brave Vertue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother;
Shee consults the conscious spheares
To calculate her young son's yeares.
Shee askes, if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant howers;
Shee askes each starre that then stood by,
If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beames that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each looke,
Beauty layes ope Love's fortune-booke;
On whose faire revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of man's fate:
Ah, my heart, her eyes, and shee,
Have taught thee new astrologie.
How e're Love's native houres were set,
What ever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poore Love shall live or dye.

WHILEST IT IS PRIME

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd —
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilest it is prime;
For none can call againe the passèd time.

183

TO CHLOE

Who wished herself young enough for me

THERE are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awaken'd sense;
The other when two souls unite,
And we must count our life from thence:
When you loved me and I loved you
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us new souls did give
And in those souls did plant new powers;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours:
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

184

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair !
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

ASK ME NO MORE

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SHE

THE growing Lilies bear her skin,
The Violet her blue veins within;
The blushing Rose new blown and spread,
Her sweeter cheek, her lip the red.

The winds that wanton with the Spring
Such odours as her breathing bring.
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voice, who strives to hit,
His object, must be higher yet;
For heaven and earth, and all we see
Dispersed, collected is but She!

TO THE LADY MAY

YOUR smiles are not, as other women's be,
Only the drawing of the mouth awry;
For breasts and cheeks and forehead we may see,
Parts wanting motion, all stand smiling by:
Heaven hath no mouth, and yet is said to smile
After your style:
No more hath earth, yet that smiles too,
Just as you do.

No simpering lips nor looks can breed
Such smiles as from your face proceed:
The sun must lend his golden beams,
Soft winds their breath, green trees their shade,
Sweet fields their flowers, clear springs their streams,
Ere such another smile be made:
But these concurring, we may say
"So smiles the spring and so smiles lovely May."

188

THE LOUER

MY Girle, thou gazest much
vpon the Golden Skies:
Would I were Heauen, I would behold
thee then with all mine eies.

FOND REMEMBRANCES

AH! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ail'd, — yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

TO DELIA

Sonnet XLI

WHEN men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass:
And thou with careful brow, sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message, from thy glass;
That tells the truth, and says that "All is gone!"
Fresh shalt thou see in me, the wounds thou madest;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining.
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning!
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn, when all the matter 's spent.

Then what my faith hath been, thyself shalt
see!
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st
repent!
Thou may'st repent, that thou hast scorned
my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy golden hairs.

WHEN THOU MUST HOME

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

THE BROKEN HEART

HOW many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new!
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you!
And yet, alas! she doth not know
Whether her servant love or no.

. . . . . .

How often hath my pale lean face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor tears can move!
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no?

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
Nor can you heal 't by any art:
O look upon 't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no?

193

WHY CANST THOU NOT?

WHY canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;
Smile, but not in killing wise;
Arm not thy graces to confound;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.

194

TRUE HEARTS

WHERE waters smoothest run, deep are
the fords;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love;
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to
speak;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they
break!

195

COME, SLEEP

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

196

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

LOVELY MELANCHOLY

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy,
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

DIRGE

CALL for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far hence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again.

COME, HEAVY SOULS

COME, heavy souls, oppressèd with the weight
Of crimes, or pangs, or want of your delight!
Come down in Lethe's sleepy lake;
Whatever makes you ache!
Drink Healths from poisoned bowls!
Breathe out your cares, together with your souls!
Cool Death 's a salve,
Which all may have!
There 's no distinction in the grave!
Lay down your loads before Death's iron door;
Sigh, and sigh out! Groan once, and groan no more!

THE FINDING OF LOVE

MY father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love!

201

ASPATIA'S SONG

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

THE SURRENDER

WE, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly heats; witness that breast
Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest —
'T is no default in us: I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envỳ
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie

Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars!

Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief:
Fold back our arms; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
Dislodgèd from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself. — So, thou again art free:
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each: so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

A LAST GOOD-NIGHT

SLEEP on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way.

WEEP NO MORE

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.

TO DAFFADILLS

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his Noone.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew
Ne'r to be found againe.

THE POETS' PARADISE

THERE in perpetual summer's shade
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three Virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely Graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows,
So still their strength renew'th.

The poets' paradise this is,
To which but few can come,
The Muses' only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elysium.

POETRY

INDEED, if you will look on poesy,
As she appears in many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants, and old worn-out rags,
Half-starv'd for want of her peculiar food,
Sacred invention; then I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of her merit.
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought;
Oh then how proud a presence does she bear!
Then is she like herself; fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes!

THE ETERNITY OF SONG

THIS not a *Pyramide* of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'T is not a tombe cut out in brasse; which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man:
But verses only; they shall fresh appeare
Whil'st there are men to read, or heare.
When tyme shall make the lasting brasse decay,
And eate the *Pyramide* away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keepes, poore dust.
Then, shall the *Epitaph* remayne, and bee
New graven in Eternity.
Poets by death are conquered, but the *wit*
Of *Poets* triumph over it.

HOMER

SEAS, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalize
Their King Apollo; being so far from cause
Of Princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung;
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue,
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phœnix, she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun,
Thousands of years attending; every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been

Subverted in them; laws, religions, all
Offer'd to change and greedy funeral;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves how firm truth builds in poets'
feigning.

OUR ENGLISH POETS

I PRAY you then, my friends, disdain not for to view
The works and sugar'd verses fine of our rare poets new,
Whose barb'rous language rude perhaps ye may mislike,
But blame them not that rudely play if they the ball do strike.
Nor scorn your Mother-Tongue, O babes of English breed!
I have of other language seen, and you at full may read,
Fine verses trimly wrought and couched in comely sort,
But never I, nor you, I trow, in sentence plain and short
Did yet behold with eye in any foreign tongue
A higher verse, a statelier style that may be read or sung
Than is this day in deed our English verse and rhyme,
The grace whereof doth touch the Gods and reach the clouds sometime.

211

MEDEA SEEKS THE ENCHANTED HERBS

THUS it befell upon a nyht,
Whan ther was noght bot sterreliht,
Sche was vanyssht riht as hir liste,
That no wyht bot hirself it wiste,
And that was ate mydnyht tyde.
The world was stille on every side;
With open hed and fot al bare,
Hir her tosprad sche gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gert sche was,
Al specheles and on the gras
Sche glod forth as an Addre doth.

MEDEA LIGHTS THE WITCH-FIRE

THE blake wether tho sche tok,
And hiewh the fleissh, as doth a cok;
On either alter part sche leide,
And with the charmes that sche seide
A fyr doun fro the Sky alyhte
And made it forto brenne lyhte.
Bot when Medea sawh it brenne,
Anon sche gan to sterte and renne
The fyri aulters al aboute:
There was no beste which goth oute
More wylde than sche semeth ther:
Aboute hir schuldres hyng hir her,
As thogh sche were oute of hir mynde
And torned in an other kynde.

THE WITCH ORANDRA

AN old decrepit hag she was, grown white
With frosty age, and withered with despite
And self-consuming hate; in furs yclad,
And on her head a thrummy cap she had.
Her knotty locks, like to Alecto's snakes,
Hang down about her shoulders, which she shakes
Into disorder; on her furrowed brow
One might perceive Time had been long at plough.
Her eyes, like candle-snuffs, by age sunk quite
Into their sockets, yet like cats' eyes bright:
And in the darkest night like fire they shined,
The ever-open windows of her mind.
Her swarthy cheeks, Time, that all things consumes,
Had hollowed flat into her toothless gums.
Her hairy brows did meet above her nose,
That like an eagle's beak so crooked grows,

It well-nigh kissed her chin ; thick bristled hair
Grew on her upper lip, and here and there
A rugged wart with grisly hairs behung ;
Her breasts shrunk up, her nails and fingers
long ;
Her left leant on a staff, in her right hand
She always carried her enchanting wand.

214

SLEEP

BY him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of *Death*,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath :
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown ; but, as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

215

OLD AGE

CROOKBACK'D he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore;
His wither'd fist still knocking at *Death's* door.

ÆNEAS TELLS DIDO OF THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER AT THE HANDS OF PYRRHUS

THIS butcher, whil'st his hands were yet held vp,
Treading vpon his breast, strooke off his hands.
At which the franticke Queene leapt on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
A little while prolong'd her husbands life:
At last, the souldiers puld her by the heeles,
And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,
Which sent an eccho to the wounded King:
Whereat he lifted vp his bedred lims,
And would haue grappeld with *Achilles'* sonne,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he, disdaining, whiskt his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the King fell downe;
Then from the nauell to the throat at once
He ript old *Priam.*

217

A FATHER, LOOKING ON HIS TWO DEAD CHILDREN WHOM HE HAS MURDERED

HERE 'S weight enough to make a heart-string crack !
O, were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks !
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me.

BARABAS IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE, WITH HEAPS OF GOLD BEFORE HIM

GIVE me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.

. . . . . .

But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?

Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stands the
vanes?
East and by south: why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.

219

AMBITION

NATURE that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

THE MADCAP PRINCE OF WALES

Hotspur.
Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Vernon.
All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

221

THE FLOWER, LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

MY gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

222

THE FLOWERS FROM DIS'S WAGGON

O PROSERPINA,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!

THE FADING PAGEANT

THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SAMSON AND HARAPHA

Samson.

Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

Harapha.

To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

Samson.

Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me, assassinated and betrayed;
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarmed,
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assigned
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

225

SATAN ON HIS THRONE

THERE on's immortal throne of Death they see
Their mounted *Lord;* whose left hand proudly held
His Globe, (for all the world he claims to be
His proper realm,) whose bloody right did weild
His Mace, on which ten thousand serpents knit,
With restless madness gnaw'd themselves, and it.

His insolent feet all other footstools scorn'd
But what compleatest *Scorn* to them suggested;
This was a *Cross;* yet not erect, but turn'd
Peevishly down. . . . .
. . . . . .

His awful Horns above his crown did rise,
And force his *fiends* to shrink in theirs :

. . . . . his tawny Teeth
Were raggèd grown by endless gnashing at
The dismal Riddle of his *living Death.*

SATAN IN ARMS

HE scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand —
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.

. . . . . .

He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:

. . . . . .

"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

THE FALLEN ANGELS GATHER TO WAR

THAT proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders — such as raised

To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed. . . .

. . . . . .

Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.

. . . . . .

Never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes — though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

EARTH DEAF AND BLIND

GOE to, goe to; thou liest, Philosophy,
Nature formes things unperfect, use-
lesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and
eares?
That she might see desert, and heare men's
plaints:
That when a soule is splited, sunke with griefe,
He might fall thus, upon the breast of earth;
And in her eare, halloo his misery:
Exclaiming thus, O thou all-bearing earth,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst
their mouths,
And choakst their throts with dust: O chaune
thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who
knocks;
Andrugio cals.

ANTONIO SLAYS THE BOY JULIO

NOW barkes the wolfe against the fulle
cheekt moon;
Now lyons half-clamd entrals roare for food;
Now croakes the toad, and night crowes
screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
Now gapes the graves, and through their
yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke
eyes.

230

DEAD

HE is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years; but death
Hath in a few hours made him as stiff as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble.

THE DEAD BODY

Ferdinand.
Is she dead?
Bosola.
She is what
You 'd have her.
. . .
Fix your eye here.
Ferdinand.
Constantly.
Bosola.
Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
Ferdinand.
Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

VENDICE, THE SKULL OF HIS BETROTHED IN HIS HAND

HERE 'S an eye,
Able to tempt a great man — to serve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here 's a cheek keeps her colour, let the wind go whistle.
. . . . . .
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this, and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves

For her superfluous outside — all for this ?

. . . . . .

Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself. See, ladies,
with false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.

233

THE SKELETONS

THIS dismal gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with skeletons of ev'ry kind;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal mind.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd.

234

DROWNED

HE lay in 's armour, as if that had been
His coffin ; and the weeping sea, like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
Goes back again, and forces up the sands
To bury him, and every time it parts
Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loth to leave him) with
A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another, like
A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
For grief, ebbed from the body, and descends
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

CALANTHA, THE KING'S DAUGHTER, OVER THE DEAD BODY OF ITHOCLES

NOW I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 't was my father's last bequest:
Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danc'd forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.

236

DEATH

'TIS of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre.

237

THE SONS OF FORTUNE

WE are all, my lord,
The sons of Fortune; she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits.

238

THE BOOK OF HONOUR

THE painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

239

PATIENCE

PATIENCE, my lord! why, 't is the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues 't is nearest kin to Heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
The stock of patience then cannot be poor;

. . . . . .

'T is the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards.

A FRIEND

WHAT? Take heed, do not profane.
Wouldst thou be more than friend? it is a name
Virtue can only answer to. Couldst thou
Unite in one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees, but this, being so good, it cannot:
For he is no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with th' name of friend: they execute,
At best, but what [their] nature prompts them to,
Are often less than friends, when they remain
Our kinsmen still; but friend is never lost.

LAMENT FOR CHAUCER

DETHE was to hastyfe,
To renne on the and reve the thy lyfe.

. . . . . .

She myght han taryed hir vengeaunce a while,
Til that som man hade egalle to the be.
Nay, lete be that! she knewe wele that this yle
May neuer man forth brynge like to the,
And hir office nedes do mote she;
God bade hir so, I truste as for the beste,
O maister, maister, god thy soule reste!

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

RENOWNÈD Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer ! and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser ! to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold, tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed, make a shift
Until Doomsday ! for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be slain :
For whom your curtains may be drawn again !
If your precedency in death do bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre ;
Under this sacred marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian ! Shakespeare ! sleep alone
Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave !
Possess as Lord, not tenant, of thy grave !
That unto us and others, it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SOUL of the Age!
The applause, delight, and wonder, of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room!
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb!
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live;
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great, but disproportioned, Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of years,
I should commit thee, surely, with thy peers!
And tell, how far thou didst our Lyly outshine;
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less
Greek;
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring Æs-
chylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us!
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again! to hear thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage! Or when thy Sock was on,
Leave thee alone! for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth; or since did, from their ashes come.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold, and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits, soil'd with dust,
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of earth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died":
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

THE MASTER SPIRIT

GIVE me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Ev'n till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is: there 's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

246

MAN IS HIS OWN STAR

MAN is his own star, and the soul, that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.

247

WHEN DEATH CALLS YE

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

OUR BLOOD AND STATE

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor-victim bleeds:
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

THE VOICE OF THE STAR

IT tells the Conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North;
Some Nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne
'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have,
For as your selves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdome hath a grave.

NOTES

NOTES

NUMBER

1 Robert Mannyng of Brunne, *c.* 1288–1338.

2 James I. of Scotland, 1394–1437.
From the *Kingis Quair* (1783), stans. 42–3, 46–7.

3 Anon. *c.* 1300.
From Ritsons's *Ancient Songs and Ballads.* The present text is Dr. Böddeker's.

4 John Skelton, 1460?–1529.
Original title is *To maystres Margaret Hussey.*

5 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
Original title is *A Ditty.*

6 Anon.
From Tottel's *Miscellany.* 1557.

7 Sir Henry Wotton, 1568–1639.
Addressed to Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Printed in Michaell Est's *Sixt Set of Bookes.* 1624.

8 Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340?–1400.

9–13 Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340?–1400.
From the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, written about 1387, first printed by Caxton, 1475.

14 Anon. *c.* 1250.
Perhaps the oldest song in the English language.

15 From the *Song of Songs*, Chap. ii.

16 Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637.
From the *Vision of Delight;* a masque presented at Court, 1617.

17 John Milton, 1608–1674.

NUMBER

18 William Dunbar, 1465?–1530?
Third stanza of the *Goldyn Targe*, 1508.

19 Henry Howard, *Earl of Surrey*, 1517?–1547.

20 Sir Henry Wotton, 1568–1639.
Original title is *On A Banck as I Sate A-Fishing; A Description of the Spring.*

21 Alexander Hume, 1560?–1609.
Original title is *Of the Day Estivall.*

22 Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695.
From Second Part of *Silex Scintillans*, 1655.

23 Andrew Marvell, 1621–1678.
Original title, *On A Drop of Dew.*

24 John Lydgate, 1370?–1451?
From the *Troy-Boke* (1513), Bk. 1, c. vi.

25 William Dunbar, 1465?–1530?
1 *The Thrissill and the Rois*, 1503.
2 *The Goldyn Targe.*

26 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
(1) *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. 2, can. 3, stan. 1. (1590–1596).
(2) *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. 1, can. 5, stan. 2.

27 John Marston, 1575?–1634.
(1) *Antonio's Revenge*, Act 1, sc. 1.
(2) *Antonio's Revenge*, Act 1, sc. 3.

28 Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637.
From the *Masque of Oberon.*

29 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Sonnet XXXIII.

30 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, sc. 5, l. 7.

31 Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695.
From *The Bee*, in *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678.

32 Guidubaldo Bonarelli della Rovere, 1563–1608.
From *Filli di Sciro* (Ferrare, 1607); translation attributed to Jonathan Sidnam. London, 1655.

33 Dafydd ab Gwilym, *fl.* 14th cent.

NUMBER

34 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Il Penseroso, written 1632? (1645). l. 65.

35 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Comus, written 1634 (1637), l. 93.

36 John Fletcher, 1579–1625.
The Faithful Shepherdess (1609–10), Act 2, sc. 1.

37 Francis Quarles, 1592–1644.
The Shepheards Oracles (1646), egl. v.

38 Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695.
From *The Night*, in *Silex Scintillans*, part ii. (1655).

39 Taliesin, *fl.* 550.

40 Anon.
From Thomas Campion's *Third Book of Ayres*, 1612.

41 Robert Henryson, or Henderson, 1430?–1506?
From the *Preaching of the Swallow*.

42 William Dunbar, 1465?–1530?
First two stans. omitted.

43 Thomas Vaux? 2 *Baron Vaux of Harrowden*, 1510–1556.
From *The Aged Louer Renounceth Loue*, Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557.

44 Andrew Marvell, 1621–1678.
From lines, *To His Coy Mistress*.

45 Sir Walter Ralegh? 1552?–1618.
The last stan. of a poem of six stans., discovered by Bullen in *Harl. ms.* 6917, fol. 48.

46 Thomas Hales, *fl.* 1250.
Modernized from *A Luue Ron*.

47 James Macpherson, 1736–1796.
Close of the *Songs of Selma*.

48 William Dunbar, 1465?–1530?
[*Lament for the Makaris*], stans. 5–8.

49 Thomas Nash or Nashe, 1567–1601.
Stans. 3–4 of *Summers Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

50 Thomas Flatman, 1637–1688.

51 Andrew Marvell, 1621–1678.
Stans. 15–16 of *Horatian Ode*, 1650, first printed, 1776.

NUMBER

52 Stephen Hawes, d. 1523?
From the *Passetyme of Pleasure* (1509), Cap. xlii.

53 John Donne, 1573–1631.
Holy Sonnets X.

54 Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695.
From Second Part of *Silex Scintillans*, 1655.

55 Thomas Sternhold, d. 1549.
Ps. xviii, 9–10.

56 Robert Henryson or Henderson, 1430?–1506?
Stan. 1 of *The Abbay Walk.*

57 Anon.
Christ Church ms.

58 William Drummond of Hawthornden, 1585–1649.

59 Anon.
The present extract begins at line 145.

60 Anon.
Extract begins at line 41.

61 Anon.

62 Anon.
Modernized version of a very ancient Scottish song.

63 Anon.
Scottish version.

64 Anon.
Closing stanzas of the ballad *Baronne O'Gairtly.*

65 Anon.

66 Anon.
From Wright's *Songs and Carols.*

67 Anon.
From the Roxburghe Ballads (1560–1700), the first two of five stanzas.

68 Thomas Heywood, 157–?–1650?

69 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
The Faerie Queene, Bk. i, c. 3, s. 4. (1590–1596).

70 Anon.
The second stan. of *Cupid's Pastime.*

NUMBER

71 Anon.
Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, l. 61–68.

72 Anon.

73 Anon.
From *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655. Attributed to Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith.

74 Sir David Lindsay or Lyndsay, 1490–1555.
From *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis in Commendatioun of Vertew and Vituperatioun of Vyce.* Produced 1540.

75 Francis Quarles, 1592–1644.
Job Militant, sec. xiv.

76 Anon.
From the *Scole-Howse, wherein every man may rede a goodly prayse of the Condycyons of Women.* Printed by Robert Wyer, c. 1542.

77 Bartholomew Griffin, *fl.* 1596.

78 Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1503?–1542.
Original title is *The Lover Beseecheth his Mistress.* . . .

79 Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1503?–1542.
Original title, *That Faith is Dead, and True Love Disregarded.*

80 Alexander Scott, 1525?–1584?
Modernized version of the *Lament of the Maister of Erskyn.*

81 Henry Howard, *Earl of Surrey*, 1517?–1547.
Closing lines of *Separated from the Fair Geraldine.* . . .

82 Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586.

83 Joshua Sylvester, 1563–1618.

84 Joshua Sylvester, 1563–1618.
First printed in Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, 1602.

85 Joshua Sylvester, 1563–1618.

86 Sir Walter Ralegh? 1552?–1618.
First printed in 1608.

87 Francis Bacon, 1561–1626.

88 William Drummond of Hawthornden, 1585–1649.
Original title is *Madrigal.*

NUMBER

89 Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695.
(1) *Silex Scintillans.* Pt. 1 (1650).
(2) *Silex Scintillans.* Pt. 2 (1655).

90 Robert Southwell, 1561?–1595.

91 Robert Southwell, 1561?–1595.
Original title is *Content and Rich.*

92 Sir Edward Dyer, d. 1607.

93 Thomas Vaux, *2 Baron Vaux of Harrowden*, 1510–1556.
From the *Paradise of Daintie Devises.*

94 George Chapman, 1559?–1634.
From the *Tears of Peace*, 1609.

95 Sir Henry Wotton, 1568–1639.

96 Anon.
From John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609. First line is *There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines.*

97 Robert Southwell, 1561?–1595.
Original title is *Scorn not the Least.* From *St. Peter's Complaint*, 1595.

98 Fulke Greville, *Lord Brooke*, 1554–1628.
Stan. 144 of *A Treatie of Humane Learning*, 1633.

99 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
The Faerie Queene, Bk. i, c. v, s. l. 1590–1596.

100 Andrew Marvell, 1621–1678.
From the *Horatian Ode*, 1650, first printed, 1776.

101 Francis Quarles, 1592–1644.
From *Job Militant* (1624) sec. iii, *Meditatio Tertia.*

102 Francis Quarles, 1592–1644.
From *Divine Fancies* (1632) Lib. iiii, 94.

103 George Herbert, 1592–1633.

104 Francis Quarles, 1592–1644.

105 Richard Crashaw, 1613?–1649.
In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health, l. 15.

106 Dr. Henry More, 1614–1687.
The Immortality of the Soul, stan. 13.

107 Robert Fletcher, *fl.* 1586.

NUMBER

108 Sir Henry Wotton, 1568–1639.

109 Samuel Daniel, 1562–1619.
From *Tethys' Festival*, 1610.

110 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Paradise regained. Bk. iv, l. 237.

111 John Chalkhill, *fl.* 1600.
From a pastoral romance, *Thealma and Clearchus*, pub. by Izaak Walton, 1683.

112 Michael Drayton, 1563–1631.

113 John Davies of Hereford, 1565?–1618.
From the *Scourge of Folly*, 1611.

114 John Milton, 1608–1674.

115 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Arcades (1645), l. 61.

116 John Milton, 1608–1674.

117 John Milton, 1608–1674.

118 William Strode, *c.* 1600–1644.
From *Wit Restored*, 1658.

119 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Comus (1637), l. 249.

120 Richard Crashaw, 1613?–1649.
First appeared in *Delights*, 1646.

121 William Browne, 1591–1643?
Britannia's Pastorals (1613), Bk. i, song 3.

122 Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637.
From *Pan's Anniversary*.

123 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Comus (1637), l. 76.

124 Dr. Joseph Beaumont, 1616–1699.
Psyche (1648), can. vi, stan. 223.

125 Christopher Marlowe, 1564–1593.
Hero and Leander, completed by George Chapman and published 1598, 1 sest. l. 5.

126 Christopher Marlowe, 1564–1593.

127 George Chapman, 1559?–1634.

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128 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Ant. and Cleo. Act ii, sc. ii, l. 195.

129 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
The Faerie Queene (1590), Bk. i, canto 1, s. 34.

130 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
The Faerie Queene, Bk. 1, can. 1, s. 41.

131 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.
The Faerie Queene, Bk. ii, can. 12, s. 70.

132 James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784–1859.
From the *Examiner* (London), 24 Dec., 1815.

133 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Sonnet xviii.

134 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.

135 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.

136 George Peele, 1558?–1597?
From the *Arraignment of Paris*, presented to Queen Elizabeth by the chapel children *c.* 1581.

137 George Peele, 1558?–1597?
These stanzas (after Anacreon) are from the *Orpharion*, licensed in 1589.

138 William Cartwright, 1611–1643.

139 Anon.
From a collection of poems published by William Herbert, 3 Earl of Pembroke (1580–1630), and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, 1660.

140 John Donne, 1573–1631.

141 Thomas Lodge, 1558?–1625.

142 Robert Greene, 1560?–1592.

143 John Lyly, 1554?–1606.
From *Campaspe* (1584), Act iii, sc. 5. The song first printed in 1632.

144 Thomas Lodge, 1556?–1625.
From *Rosalind* (1590). Last 2 stans. omitted.

145 Michael Drayton, 1563–1631.

146 Thomas Campion, d. 1619.
From Campion's *Third Book of Ayres*, *c.* 1612.

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147 Anon.
From William Byrd's *Psalms*, ... 1611.

148 Mark Alexander Boyd, 1563–1601.

149 Alexander Brome, 1620–1666.

150 Anon.
From Robert Jones' *Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610.

151 Nicholas Breton, 1545?–1626?

152 Robert Herrick, 1591–1674.
Original title is *Corinna's Going a Maying*. 3 stanzas omitted.

153 Nicholas Breton, 1545?–1626?
From *The Passionate Shepheard*, 1604.

154 William Drummond, of Hawthornden, 1585–1649.

155 Robert Herrick, 1591–1674.
No. 284 of *Hesperides*, First 4 stans. and four lines of the 5th stan. (first issued, 1648).

156 George Chapman, 1559?–1634.

157 Sir John Suckling, 1609–1642.
A Ballad Upon a Wedding, stans. 8, 9, 10.

158 Nathaniel Field, 1587–1633.
Amends for Ladies (1618), Act iv, sc. 1.

159 Sir William Davenant, 1606–1668.

160 Anon.

161 Richard Lovelace, 1618–1658.
From *Lucasta*, 1649.

162 Richard Lovelace, 1618–1658.

163 Anon.
From Capt. Tobias Hume's *First Part of Airs*. . . . 1605. Second and last stan.

164 Anon.
From Thomas Ford's *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes*, 1607. Three stans. omitted.

165 Anon.
From John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609.

166 Anthony Munday, 1553–1633.
From *Primaleon of Greece*, trans. out of French and Italian, 1619. The song is Munday's own.

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167 Thomas Carew, 1598?–1639?
First appeared in Walter Porter's *Madrigales and Ayres*, 1632.

168 Sir John Suckling, 1609–1642.
Orsames' Song in *Aglaura*, 1638.

169 George Wither or Withers, 1558–1667.
As first printed in original edition of *Fidelia*, 1615.

170 Richard Crashaw, 1613?–1649.
From poem *Wishes*, which first appeared in 1646.

171 Thomas Lodge, 1558–1625.

172 Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637.
Opening lines of the *Sad Shepherd*.

173 William Browne, 1591–1643.
From *The Inner Temple Masque*.

174 Anon. 16th cent.

175 Anon.
From Francis Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, 1602.

176 Robert Herrick, 1591–1674.
Hesperides 83, (1648).

177 Abraham Cowley, 1618–1667.
From *The Mistress*, 1647.

178 Sir John Suckling, 1609–1642.
First two stans. of a poem of five stans. entitled *Song*.

179 William Habington, 1605–1654.
From the third edition of *Castara*, 1640.

180 Abraham Cowley, 1618–1667.
First stan. of a poem of four stans. entitled *The Change*.
From *The Mistress*, 1647.

181 Richard Crashaw, 1613?–1649.
First appeared in *Steps to the Temple*, 1646.

182 Edmund Spenser, 1552?–1599.

183 William Cartwright, 1611–1643.

184 Edmund Waller, 1606–1687.

185 Thomas Carew, 1598?–1639?

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186 Aurelian Townsend, *fl.* 1601–1643.
From a poem entitled *His Mistress Found;* written in reply to Herrick's or Carew's poem *The Enquiry.*

187 Aurelian Townsend, *fl.* 1601–1643.
Found by Bullen in Malone ms. 13, fol. 53, and published by him in *Speculum Amantis.*

188 George Turberville or Turbervile, 1540?–1610?

189 Samuel Daniel, 1562–1619.
Hymen's Triumph (1615), Act i, sc. 1, l. 83.

190 Samuel Daniel, 1562–1619.
To Delia (1592), *Sonnet* xli.

191 Thomas Campion, *d.* 1619.
From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Ayres*, 1601.

192 Anon.
From Robert Jones' *Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610.

193 Anon.
From John Danyel's *Songs for the Lute. . . .* 1606.

194 Anon.
From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs and Ayres*, 1603. Second and last stan. of a song ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer.

195 Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
The Woman-Hater (1607), Act iii, sc. 1.

196 John Fletcher, 1579–1625.
The Tragedy of Valentinian (1647), Act v, sc. ii.

197 John Fletcher, 1579–1625.
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198 John Webster, 1580?–1625?
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199 William Strode, 1602–1645.
From *Floating Island.*

200 Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
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201 Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
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202 Henry King, 1592-1669.

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203 Henry King, 1592–1669.
From *The Exequy*, 1657.

204 John Fletcher, 1579–1625.
The Queen of Corinth, Act iii, sc. 2.

205 Robert Herrick, 1591–1674.

206 Michael Drayton, 1563–1631.
From the *Muses Elysium*, 1630.

207 Ben Jonson, 1573 ?–1637.
From *Every Man in His Humour* (4to ed.).

208 Abraham Cowley, 1618–1667.
Sylva. Ode 1, *On the Prayse of Poetry.*

209 George Chapman, 1559 ?–1634.

210 Thomas Churchyard, 1520 ?–1604.

211 John Gower, 1325 ?–1408.
From *Confessio Amantis*, lib. quint. l. 3957.

212 John Gower, 1325 ?–1408.
From *Confessio Amantis*, lib. quint. l. 4071.

213 John Chalkhill, *fl.* 1600.
From *Thealma and Clearchus*, 1683.

214 Thomas Sackville, 1 *Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst*, 1536–1608.
From *The Induction* (Introduction to the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1563), stan. 41.

215 Thomas Sackville, 1 *Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst*, 1536–1608.
From *The Induction* (Introduction to the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1563), stan. 48.

216 Thomas Nash or Nashe, 1567–1601.
Dido, Qveene of Carthage (1594), l. 540.

217 Anon.
From *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, sc. x.

218 Christopher Marlowe, 1564–1593.
The Jew of Malta, 1633, Act i, sc. 1.

219 Christopher Marlowe, 1564–1593.
Tamburlaine the Great (1590), first part Act ii. sc. 7.

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220 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
First part K. Hen. IV, Act iv, sc. 1.

221 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Midsummer-night's dream, Act ii, sc. 1.

222 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
Winter's Tale, Act iv, sc. iv.

223 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
The Tempest, Act iv, sc. 1.

224 John Milton, 1608–1674.
Sam, Ag. l. 1104.

225 Dr. Joseph Beaumont, 1615–1699.
Psyche (1648), can. 1, stans. 13, 14, 16, 17,

226 John Milton, 1608–1674.
P. L. Bk. 1, l. 283.

227 John Milton, 1608–1674.
P. L. Bk. 1, l. 533.

228 John Marston, 1575?–1634.
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229 John Marston, 1575?–1634.
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230 James Shirley, 1596–1666.
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231 John Webster, 1580?–1625?
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232 Cyril Tourneur, Turnour or Turner, 1575?–1626.
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233 Sir William Davenant, 1606–1668.
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234 Cyril Tourneur, Turnour or Turner, 1575?–1626.
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235 John Ford, *fl.* 1639.
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236 Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
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237 Thomas Middleton, 1570?–1627.
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238 William Shakespeare, 1564–1616.
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239 Thomas Dekker, 1570?–1641?
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242 William Basse or Bas, *d.* 1653?
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243 Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637.

244 Francis Beaumont, 1584–1616.

245 George Chapman, 1559?–1634.
From *Byron's Conspiracy* (1608), Act iii, sc. 1.

246 John Fletcher, 1579–1625.
Printed at end of comedy *The Honest Man's Fortune.*

247 James Shirley, 1596–1666.
From *Cupid and Death, A Masque*, 1653. One stan. omitted.

248 James Shirley, 1596–1666.
From the *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, 1659.

249 William Habington, 1605–1654.
Original title is *Nox nocti indicat Scientiam.* From *Castara* (1640), stans. 6, 7, 8, 9.

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